

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3992. Vol. 153
FOUNDED 1855

30 April 1932

MAY 12 1932

Price Threepence
(REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER)

PRINCIPAL FEATURES

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City. Correspondence.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE past ten days have been full of rumours as to the Prime Minister's early retirement on the ground of health, the probable or possible succession of Mr. Baldwin, and the future of Mr. Neville Chamberlain in a reconstructed government. As to the first, the alarmist reports may be definitely disregarded. It is understood that another operation will be necessary on Mr. MacDonald's eye in three or four months' time, but his general health is satisfactory, and there is no question of his resignation.

The Government Goes On

Mr. Baldwin is therefore likely to remain second-in-command, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain (whose stock has fallen considerably since the Budget) will continue to function as third officer. The Liberals in and behind the Cabinet both of the Samuel and Simon brand, have definitely settled down and decided to hug their chains; the labour men do not matter; and the National Government is expected to last the session out.

Further than that nobody can pretend to see at present. From the party point of view the situation is hopelessly confused, and likely to remain so; Labour, in spite of a by-election victory at Wakefield, is quietly pessimistic as to its own appeal. It will take several Wakefields to cure that defeatist attitude.

Meantime, the Liberal re-union at Clacton hardly suggests the happiest of families; and Mr. Lloyd George's continued absence from the House of Commons is openly interpreted by his own party as indicating that his heart is no longer in the game. He was reported to be burning with desire to attack Protection and to smite the Protectionists hip and thigh; but he seems to realise that the times are not propitious for cheap gibes about dear food.

The Hitler Victory

The success of Hitler at the German elections has resounded through Europe—not with the happiest results. Actually the result was not unexpected in this country, which has

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observed the tendency elsewhere for middle and moderate opinion to shrink in volume, and for the extreme Right and the extreme Left to grow at the expense of the cross-bench mind. Germany is no exception to the rule — apart from the fact that the swing is usually to the Left first and then to the Right, whereas in Prussia the reverse is the case.

Hitlerism may now be taken as the dominant opinion in Prussia, and as a steadily growing factor in the other States; but it is not yet strong enough to control the future of Germany, and it has yet to show evidence of administrative capacity, and that combination of day-to-day tactics with long-distance strategy which alone passes for permanent statecraft. Apart from the rather crude Nationalism and anti-Semitism of the movement, Hitler himself appears to be merely the stalking-horse for Hohenzollern.

The Position in Austria

"The success of the Nazis in Austria," writes a correspondent in close touch with Vienna, "is disquieting. It has been gained at the expense of the parties who desire to restore decent Government—perhaps the Empire eventually. Nazis are a German dump, and all the Tories of Austria view them with profound distrust as a menace of the *Anschluss* which would be an union of lamb into tiger definitely ending the independence of the lamb. At the best they offer vistas of fierce and prolonged turmoils among rogues with no certainty that honest folk would ever retrieve their own."

"Most of the students in Austria are Hitlerites, and students nowadays seem fuller than ever of the unrest proper to their age and class. Hitler is an adventurer, and it is not often that an adventurer proves himself a capable administrator: the fact that Mussolini did so was something of a miracle. The demise of the pan-Germans need not be regretted, for they were always obstacles to the harmony of the composite State, but Nazis expand their faults without any saving grace of patriotism. Hitlerism in Germany is a different affair."

Another Little Entente?

Important negotiations are afoot for a South Balkan political bloc, consisting of Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey with the possible addition of Roumania. Many advantages are obvious, at any rate for Bulgaria. She would be relieved of intolerable Yugoslav aggressions, aiming at vassalage if not eventual absorption in "greater Serbia." Her financial discords with Greece are not impossible to harmonize and she might at last secure satisfaction from the Turks in respect of the property of her refugees.

The detachment of Roumania from the Little Entente would be welcome in Hungary and Austria. Peace and trade would undoubtedly be promoted throughout the peninsula. The chief remaining problem is of course Macedonia, almost exclusively inhabited by Bulgarians, now savagely, persistently oppressed by Yugoslavs and Greeks alike. That, however, must remain a very open irredentist sore until the distant day when a fresh Congress effects a redistribution of Eastern Europe.

Royal Progress—New Style

The King of the Belgians paid a rare tribute to British aircraft, and more particularly to Imperial Airways, by choosing a machine of that type for his recent trip to Africa. This is the first time, I believe, that a reigning sovereign has made a long foreign tour by air, but it is probably the precursor of a day when Kings will visit their colonial dominions informally and at more frequent intervals.

Whether an aeroplane is actually suited for a royal progress is an open and to some extent an æsthetic question. The divinity that doth hedge a king has usually been suggested by the slow and stately motion of a procession, not by speed. On the other hand, the unsophisticated may be still more impressed by the unheralded descent of a monarch from the skies. It is a nice point for courtiers and chamberlains to consider.

The Banker's Ramp

More than one person tells me that, while of course he voted National last autumn, he feels that Sir Stafford Cripps is not altogether wrong in denouncing the wicked bankers, at any rate in so far as his asperities relate to the post-war standard practice of the banks in charging on overdrafts and loans without exception a minimum rate of 5 per cent., no matter how low official bank rate falls. A "cut" here would assist private expenditure, *i.e.*, give employment, and remove the old reproach that bankers take the current accounts of old ladies paying nothing per cent. to lend the proceeds to greengrocers at 6!

Agriculture

A few weeks ago, when others nagged or carped, I was mildly optimistic. And in confirmation I learn that preliminary official estimates in Scotland show a 25 per cent. increase in land under plough in Angus (Forfar that was) and 5 per cent. in Perth. Up there, too, the wheat quota is of little avail, and barley as Mr. Chamberlain knows, depends on liquor sales. All this also means more sales of fertiliser, cattle-foods, etc. On the whole the prospects for the land are reasonably good.

The Opera Season

It will be a short opera season this year, but at any rate Covent Garden still keeps the flag flying—in spite of difficulties in regard to the economics of opera which, as the world has heard from Milan and New York, are by no means confined to Covent Garden. The Wagner programme for the four weeks' festival lies before me, and much as individual taste differs in these matters, it is hard to see how it could be bettered.

Personally, I could have done with less of Tannhauser, with its rather tedious middle section, another performance of Tristan, and possibly one performance of Lohengrin. On the other hand, the Flying Dutchman is too much of a rarity here—why do not the Old Vic or Sadler's Wells include it in their repertoire as a popular and effective piece?—and I imagine it is likely to draw a full house. The most notable omission, however, is Parsifal; but the truth is that this noble work is not everybody's opera all the time, and at one afternoon performance last autumn the Pious Fool found the Opera House half empty.

Crisis in Hollywood

Since I commented at the beginning of the year on the critical position of the American film industry, conditions have gone from bad to worse. Two of the leading producing concerns are spending more money on making and distributing their pictures than they recover in gross receipts, and one of these companies has already spent, without adequate return, eleven million dollars of new capital that it raised only a short time ago. Another concern is losing an average of £40,000 a week in the theatre branch of its business alone.

A few salient facts emerge from a study of Hollywood's crisis. One is that the producing concerns whose financial position gives least cause for anxiety are those that have been fortunate enough to saddle themselves with the control of either few or no picture theatres, an asset that has proved a serious liability. The second is that the major box office attractions of the American picture houses at the moment are not films, but tabloid musical comedies enacted by players in the flesh.

—And Elstree's Opportunity

It should not be thought that Hollywood's troubles represent nothing but the domestic concern of a particular branch of the entertainment business. The film industry is to-day among the biggest in the world, and since it appears unlikely that Hollywood, working on a reduced programme can supply the world demand, its loss should be Elstree's gain.

I must candidly say that before the British industry can secure its full place in the sun,

it must improve the quality of its products, but the fact is that native producers are facing the biggest opportunity in their history. It is significant in this connection that while American theatres were until a few months "bolted and barred" against English films, to quote one of the magnates of Elstree, both American critics and theatre owners are now beginning to express themselves in the most complimentary terms regarding some British pictures.

Music in Church

Few musicians, I imagine, will agree with the Chaplain to the Bishop of Southwark that the organ should be a mere accompaniment of the Church services, and that the epitaph of the perfect organist would record that nobody ever noticed him. In other words, it seems, he should be heard but not seen—and not heard very much.

This may be orthodox doctrine, but as a mere layman I must confess that I have often been more edified by the music than by the sermon in Church. The object of divine service is, I believe, primarily to worship God, and if that is so, there is something to be said for the view that the organ and choir are more nearly a primary than a secondary factor in devotion.

M.C.C. Resignations

All over the world the word M.C.C. is one to conjure with. But this year the Club has already lost 400 members instead of the normal 200; and this position is typical. Every golf-club secretary, small jobbing gardener, garage proprietor and tailor knows the ill-effects of such tremendous taxation. The 6/- tax of 1920 was on a national dividend of about £4,500 millions of money, but to-day's 5/- rate relates to a national income estimated not to exceed in 1932 at best £3,200,000,000. No nation can stand this pace.

Camera and Referee

The camera and the cinema between them are probably hated by every referee and umpire throughout the world by this time, for they show that even the best of those functionaries are fallible. Last Saturday, for instance, in the Association Cup Final, Newcastle obtained the victory over Arsenal with a goal which the referee pronounced to be good, but which the camera unquestionably showed to be scored from a ball that was out of play.

Probably nothing can be done about it—the quickness of the play deceives the eye of the most practised referee. So far no umpire has been caught out by the camera at cricket, I fancy; but this kind of thing makes me wonder a little if the judge always places the horses quite correctly in a very close-run race on the flat.

PRICES, PROTECTION AND PRODUCTION

THE imposition last week of a further series of import duties with the double object of furnishing revenue and assisting home industry makes it opportune to note that the last few months have clearly demonstrated that Tariffs do not necessarily involve an increase in prices to the consumer and may in fact result in a substantial decrease.

The reason for this is evident to those familiar with industry. Modern methods of production involve essentially specialisations of each manufacturing operation and the use of specific machinery and tools, so that the time required to produce an article is, by the co-relation of each operation involved in its manufacture, continuously reduced and with it the direct costs of labour.

As a concrete instance, with the same wage rates per hour, the labour costs per piece of an article can be reduced from .82d. to .055d. if the output is increased from 658 to 4,933 per week by special machinery being installed. Such machinery is, however, very expensive and suffers rapid depreciation so that in the example just mentioned approximately £3 15s. per week must be allowed for this as against 7s. 6d. on a machine appropriate to the smaller quantity, and whereas the total shop cost of the piece can be reduced from 1.33d. to .37d. working at the rates mentioned, it would be impossible to use the special machine for the small quantities.

The phenomenon of direct labour charges constantly decreasing relative to fixed charges extends beyond the provision for depreciation and is magnified by the costs of management, market and scientific research, cost recording, and publicity: none of which vary directly in accordance with the number of articles produced, and which have been shewn by Sir Eric Geddes to approximate to 70 per cent. of the total cost of each article, *i.e.*, labour, material and other costs inherent in the article form only 30 per cent. of its final cost.

Evidently a position of this kind gives tremendous advantages to the manufacturer with the largest output; for if A has twice the output of B his total costs are not 100 per cent. but only about 30 per cent. more and his cost of each piece therefore only 65 per cent. that of B—supposing the efficiency of their organisations to be the same. B is therefore in an untenable position from which there are but two avenues of escape—either he can sell at a loss at A's price in the hope that by so doing their outputs will be equalised or he can eliminate some of his fixed costs such as research or publicity.

By following the former course he is courting disaster and can at best only be partially successful, for should he succeed in his immediate object the equalised price will be higher than that of A's initially, whilst if he adopts the latter he can only stave off immediate disaster at the cost of reducing his efficiency and prospects in the long run.

Of recent years British industry has been in the position of B and has been forced to follow the second course because competition with foreign rivals has been restricted by tariffs which have secured the foreigner large home markets which they have been able to use as a basis in attacking the English market, and which has been a tremendous advantage in competing for neutral markets where transport costs are equal in incidence. In consequence we have witnessed a steady fall in the trade and profits of many of our leading manufacturers without, it is important to note, any question of incapable management or inefficient labour but merely because they are unable to produce in large economic quantities.

By guaranteeing the security of the English market tariffs result in an increase in domestic production and justify capital expenditure on a scale which permits reductions in price to be coupled with a rise in the overall efficiency of the manufacturing firm; so that not only are English consumers benefitted but in addition competition for export orders becomes possible where before it was impossible. The marked progress of industries operating under the McKenna duties can be cited as direct evidence. Such industries in general increased their export trade, reduced their home prices and very markedly improved their technical position at a time when in the case of many English firms the exact reverse was true. Perhaps no better subject for citation can be found than the motor cycle industry, which was protected by a duty and assisted by a large home demand. In 1912, when the average price of a typical machine was £55, imports were valued at £187,000 and exports at £715,000, but by 1929 the price for a machine with better equipment, vastly improved performance and better made from finer materials had fallen to £45, and whilst imports had fallen to the negligible amount of £16,000, exports had risen to £4,000,000 with English machines and parts completely dominating the whole export field.

Now that other industries have been granted similar advantages we hope that they will make similar progress and that the skill of British scientists, designers, business men and artisans will receive its due reward in the markets of the world.

SOVIET AND UKRAINE

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer.

A COMMON and dangerous error is the belief that Tsarist Russia was and Soviet Russia is a nation in the sense that Great Britain, France, Italy and even Germany are nations.

Tsarist Russia was an agglomeration of heterogeneous and often mutually hostile nationalities, gradually brought under the rule of the Muscovite Tsars by force of diplomacy—an unwieldy mass, only held together by the power of a strong central government based on an all pervading bureaucracy, an enormous but inefficient army, a highly organised secret police.

But directly the central power was shaken by defeat in the Great War and the Tsar was driven to abdicate, all these props at once collapsed and the once mighty Empire split up into its component fragments. From the Gulf of Finland to the Black Sea, along all the western border, the various non-Russian nations, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and the Ukraine, recovered their independence, while Rumania annexed Bessarabia.

The *fait accompli* was recognised in the case of all except the Ukraine by the Great Powers in the Treaty of Versailles, and was not seriously challenged even by the newly established Soviet Government of lesser Russia, which at that time professed its adherence to the principle of self-determination.

The exclusion of the Ukraine requires special consideration because it is at the root of a solid grievance and the cause of a genuine national movement for self-determination which cannot be for long ignored or suppressed.

The Ukraine, stretching from Brest-Litovsk on the North-West to the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov on the South-East, has an area of 400,000 square miles—equal to France and Germany combined, and a population of 30 millions, equal to that of its neighbour, the new Poland. Its famous rich black soil makes it one of the granaries of Europe; agriculturally it is far ahead of the rest of South Russia; its peasantry, 80 per cent. of the population, being free from the hampering traditions of the Russian Commune or Mir system, have for centuries clung to the principle of individual property in land. In consequence they are far more active and enterprising than their neighbours in Russia proper, whom the Soviet system has now driven back under the yoke of a serfdom infinitely more ruthless than that which was abolished by the Tsar Alexander in 1861. The Ukraine has also great mineral wealth, especially in naphtha and manganese, coal and iron ore, and corresponding industrial capacity. In Kiev, its capital, it has a city older, more historic and more venerated than Moscow, and in Odessa, its main port, it has by far the finest outlet to the sea in Russia. No one who has travelled in the Ukraine can fail to notice how different the people are from those of Russia: how much higher is their level of intelligence and standard of living.

The fact is that from their geographical situation and temperament, the Ukrainians' outlook has generally been towards Europe and the West; while that of Russia proper has been and is oriental, for Peter the Great's

idea of opening a window to the West in his new capital of Petersburg was definitely abandoned when the Soviet Government transferred the capital to Moscow, essentially an Eastern city.

The Ukraine maintained its independence under its own Hetmans till 1654, when it entered into an alliance with the Tsar of Muscovy. The growing might of Russia enabled it to absorb the Ukraine in 1756, and thereafter the Tsars pursued a steady policy of Russification against the orthodox Ukraine Church and Ukraine national sentiment, but did not succeed in completely suppressing either.

When the Tsarist debacle came about in 1917, the Ukraine national spirit at once re-asserted itself; the large Ukrainian element in the Russian army placed itself under a descendant of the old Hetmans; the Ukrainian exiles returned from abroad, and all the Ukrainian organisations combined to re-establish the Ukrainian state. The new government, in spite of enormous difficulties, made a good start on progressive lines, but at this stage it was invaded by the Germans flushed with their successful treaty with the Bolsheviks at Brest-Litovsk, and eager to replenish their scanty supplies from the abundant stocks of the Ukraine.

The German occupation prevented the Ukraine from organising its military resources, and when the Germans had to evacuate the country in 1918 owing to the defeat by the Allies in the West and revolution at home, the Ukraine was at once over-run by the Bolsheviks and after a gallant resistance was forced to submit to them. It was then declared a separate Soviet Republic and incorporated with the Soviet Union.

In theory the various republics in the Soviet Union are autonomous, and at first they were allowed to have their own territorial armies and the control of their own finance and home affairs. But through fear of losing their hold over this rich area the Central Soviet Dictatorship has steadily tightened its own control and set itself to repress and eradicate all national sentiment whether religious, cultural or political.

Its ruthless policy of exploiting the economic resources of the Ukraine for Soviet purposes is meeting with a much more formidable resistance from the independent Ukrainians than from the passive peasantry of Russia proper. The most recent reports published in the *Pravda* and the *Izvestia* (the official Soviet organ) show that the failure of the Five Year Plan is much more serious in the Ukraine than elsewhere, and that the attempt to re-establish serfdom, by forcing the peasantry into the Collective or State farms, has resulted in an enormous falling off in production, thereby wiping out the anticipated surplus of foodstuffs on which the Soviet Dictatorship relies for the maintenance of its Red Army and the urban proletariat—the two forces which it fears and must conciliate at all costs.

In other directions, too, Ukrainian resistance to the Soviet tyranny is becoming more open and effective, and thousands of Soviet agents have already fallen victims to it. It is already clear that the Ukrainians are eagerly

looking forward to the day when the Reign of Terror will collapse, and they would not be human if they did not endeavour to hasten the coming of that day. It is only natural that having regard to their history, the size, population, culture and resources of their country, they should have the ambition of re-establishing their political independence, such as Finland, the Baltic States, and Lithuania, with lesser claims, have already achieved. Poland is a case apart, and unfortunately there is an historic feud based on religious and racial differences between Poland (which has assimilated certain Ukrainian lands) and the Ukraine. But this is a matter capable

of amicable settlement, and in any case both would combine now as in the past (when the Ukrainians were Sobieski's right arm in the overthrow of the Turks at the Gates of Vienna) in the face of a common danger. An independent Ukraine would be a great asset to Europe, politically as a bulwark against the Bolshevik menace, and economically, owing to the great productive and consuming power it would release.

In the past England has always been the friend of down-trodden and oppressed nationalities. We should therefore view with sympathetic interest the efforts of the Ukraine to regain its historic position in Europe.

SHAKESPEARE'S ELDERLY BORE

By THEODORA BENSON AND BETTY ASKWITH.

"WILL-I-AM! WILL-I-AM." How often must that bleating, pursuant voice have driven Shakespeare in terror under a table at the Mermaid.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare had in his company an elderly man with a passion for boring parts. The sort of man you could imagine as the bass in opera, singing Wotan or King Mark. The sort of man who would have enjoyed addressing an international peace conference. His ideal speech was a long one, not too simple in language, full of metaphor, full of moralising, full of popularly accepted platitudes. He must have been a man of some character or influence, for Shakespeare humoured him with many such.

How did the Ancient acquire his ill-used influence? The Shakespearian student is all too often chagrined to discover that nothing is known of the answers to his questions. This one is no exception. All details are lost in the general haze surrounding the poet's life. Who was the dark lady of the sonnets? It is probable that we shall never resolve these mysteries. Perhaps he lent the manager money, perhaps he tended Shakespeare when sick, perhaps he had powerfully placed illegitimate connections. I think he must have enjoyed a certain popularity with audiences; he had been at the game so long that he had become a figure head round which lingered an unquestioning affection, a traditional respect. People were impressed by his sonorous periods. The platitudinous sentiments that he loved so well failed very seldom to evoke a response; "Exactly what I always think myself,—if only I could put it at half that length." The Ancient always played sympathetic rôles whose noble dignity became him well.

Shakespeare left Stratford-on-Avon for London about 1581. The influence of the Ancient is not discernable in his earlier plays. There is no part for him in "Love's Labour Lost." There is nothing characteristic of him in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." But he soon began to make himself felt with gradually increasing strength. If he was not with the company from the very start, he joined it fairly soon. Whether he adhered to it till the very end is a question that is widely canvassed and thoroughly moot. But my own opinion is that he did. There is evidence to my mind that in later years he became

so self-inflated and tyrannical that he insisted whole plays should be written round him, giving him in one instance the title rôle. "King Lear" was printed in 1607 and "The Tempest" written in 1611. It seems that Shakespeare spared no pains with either. But even with Prospero who says such lovely things (as for instance the speech in Act IV. Scene I. beginning "You do look, my son, in a moved sort,") has he wholly escaped the personality of that mildeyed elderly bore?

Be that as it may, the ascendancy of the Ancient during the middle period is quite beyond dispute. Shakespeare humoured him at first from a compound of necessity, good nature and moral laziness, with for background the knowledge that his own genius could get away with anything. Gradually the creeping growth of habit became his prime reason. Even so the power of standing up to him was rather dormant than atrophied. They must have had an ugly skirmish over the unsympathetic, un-English part of Polonius. Yet Shakespeare held his ground. Instead of re-writing his entire original conception, he had his way; merely bribing the Ancient with a long interpolated speech of advice to Laertes, wholly alien from the actual character of Polonius.

Shakespeare of course did not draw all his old men as bores. Long before the bit of bother about Polonius, he tried to persuade the Ancient to interpret his brilliant little pen portrait of old Capulet. The Ancient of course would have none of it. "Will-i-am, Will-i-am" he quavered "There's no real dignity about it. It isn't myself I'm thinking of. A man in my position owes something to his public. It wouldn't be right for me to accept a part that wasn't more profound and more uplifting. Not right, Will-i-am."

Shakespeare was just about to promise to re-write the character entirely when, fortunately for us, an alternative struck him.

"How would you like", he asked, "to be a very reverent, holy man? An important instrument in the plot too. . . ." "If you mean Friar Lawrence", the Ancient interrupted, "he is more like me, but there's not nearly enough of him. It isn't myself I mind about. But audiences just can't bear to feel they're cheated."

"Oh that's all right", cried Shakespeare, "I'll write the part up for you. Of course I'll make it longer;

the play's on the short side anyway. I wonder if anybody's seen my inkhorn?"

And he hustled off to write wads of Friar Lawrence. The Ancient's voice fluted after him:

"Long speeches, Will-i-am. You know it takes me twelve lines to get going. And verse, not prose, Will-i-am. I must always have verse, you know . . ."

The man who actually did play the Capulet made an excellent thing of it. Thereafter he and the Ancient never clashed. He acted Simonides in "Pericles" where the Ancient was Helicanus, and Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida" where the Ancient was supremely happy as Nestor.

But never was the Ancient more himself than he was over the rehearsals of Richard II.

Shakespeare had written a capital part specially for him, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. He was enchanted with it. He rolled the most luscious bits of it round his palate.

"Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones."

It was a gorgeous deathbed scene. But what was this? John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster actually died *right at the beginning of the second act!*

To Shakespeare's concern the poor old man seemed genuinely offended and hurt. He could see no reason why he should be killed off so early in the piece. It was no good telling him that history was, to a certain limited extent, history. Nor that the sense of the piece would be injured should Gaunt be kept in a state of garrulous preservation well into Act IV. He kept shaking his head and muttering:

"I suppose this simply means I've lived too long." For a little while Shakespeare thought he had succeeded in pacifying him by the sudden gift of a long passage beginning.

"This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,"

which has previously been the meatiest portion of poor York's share in the business. But no, in a little space the Ancient was back again.

"I can't consent to it, Will-i-am" he tremoloed, "my conscience won't let me consent to it. Few people are more easy-going and obliging than I am, and I'm certainly not vain, Will-i-am. But it isn't fair on my public that I shouldn't appear at all in the second half of the piece. I'm an old man—I daresay I'm not long for this world—I daresay none of you will mind when I'm gone—and it stands to reason I know more about plays than you do. And I know it won't do if the audience see nothing more of me after Act II. Scene I. It won't do, Will-i-am."

Shakespeare was faced with a nasty looking problem. If he postponed the death of John of Gaunt till the end of the piece he rendered it imbecile. If he did nothing the Ancient would throw up his part. The play was due for production in twenty-five hours exactly. What ought a man to do? What a man inevitably did do was go to the Mermaid where after a tankard or two with the boys, of the Guinness of the period, life did undeniably seem brighter. Ben Jonson was very encourag-

ing about his work and Kit Marlowe admitted with a sad handsomeness that he'd have done good stuff if he hadn't written down to his public. Green was very scurrilous and witty; indeed everybody was in splendid form; and even Kit Marlowe attempted one joke though, as luck would have it, it was a failure. Shakespeare hadn't been long in this genial atmosphere of jollity and jest before his solution came to him. Why, of course! Introduce another elderly bore later on in the piece and let the Ancient double the parts! The introduction of a little low life might afford relief and contrast to the play. The second elderly bore should be a gardener, and since the public liked their bit of sentiment he should have a dialogue with the unhappy Queen.

Shakespeare wrote it then and there, an ever-replenished tankard at his side. Occasionally he looked up to toss a quip into the vortex of conversation round him. Two hours later he sought out the Ancient, and this is what he proffered for his approval.

Act III. Scene IV.

Cue. . . . woe is forerun with woe.

(Queen and ladies retire.)

Enter a Gardener and two servants.

Gardener. Out, ronyon! Out, you whoreson, rascally knave! Thou fitchew, thou puttock, thou! The unrecurrent gut-gripe upon thee, the serpigo take thee, thou sheeptick, thou quat, thou scab, thou rere-mouse thou! Mew!

1st Servant. Cry you mercy, you have an air as you would paunch and pash me. I meant no offence, worshipful friend. How, how, peace I say, ha.

2nd Servant. He's in the right on't. Why should we keep his garden for a king, that cannot keen his land for his ill-keeping of it? We were a ging of woodcocks, God help our five wits.

Gardener. Thou exsufflicate bubukle! Thou forbid, murrion ort! Have a care lest I foredo thee, thou near-legged, cullionly draff! Have you no pity for the penetrative sorrows of one unstated by the mountant Bolingbroke? And his male varlets purveyors of all the evil. Bushy Green and Bagot, dead and vault-aged too. You obdurate treachers, may your wives be giglots and your horns itch till ye be horn-mad! Finch eggs!

1st Servant. Unstated, say you? Shall the King be deposed?

Gardener. Ay, there's a poser! Yet had his posy been the keeping a virtuous pose I suppose he might even now repose in safety. He is deposed, thou princox.

1st Servant. Well, I'll not work.

(Exeunt 1st and 2nd Servants.)

Gardener. They have flung down their hoes. An' their hose fall they will want garters.

Queen. O! I am pressed to death through want of speaking!

(Coming forward.)

Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?

Darest thou, thou little better than earth,

- Divine his downfall? Say, where, when and how
 Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? Speak thou wretch.
- Gardener. Why, 'tis the towntalk. Though I am a poor man that rakes the soil, I have more knowledge than you. Yet look you, though I rake the soil I am no rake, and yet I dare swear my virtue rakes in but little.
- Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassy belong to me, And am I last that knows it? Ladies come. Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, Pray God the plants thou graftst may never grow.
- (Exeunt Queen and ladies.)
- Gardener. 'Twere better than to cry woe! here to cry woe! to Bolingbroke. And as to the plants

I graft, the trouble with this kingdom is, there's been too much graft already.
 (Exit.)

For the next hour most of the company led by Burbage devoted themselves to reviving the Ancient from his faint. Young Mr. Hughs, who always played the heroine, held Shakespeare's head under a pump till he was sober. Then he advised him, very sympathetically, to go home before the Ancient should come to. Chastened and scared the playwright, muttering thanks, made every haste to take that good advice. Next morning with a splitting head and a nasty mouth he arose to write a dreary scene beginning:

"Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks, Which, like unruly children, make their sire Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight." Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

WHAT IS PAIN?

BY PROFESSOR D. F. FRASER-HARRIS, M.D.

TO many people pain is a mystery. They ask in despair, "why should pain and suffering exist in this world?" In the realm of ethics it is still more of a mystery. Why, for instance, should some tyrant or criminal never have a headache, while the good man may end his unselfish life amid the agonies of cancer.

Without attempting to answer these justifiable questions, we might, first of all, learn something from the physiologists about the nature or mechanism of physical pain. For we shall not at present concern ourselves with mental pain, grief, anguish, remorse—psychalgia as the learned call it.

We might define pain as a disagreeable order of sensation which instinctively we desire to terminate. The physiologist would point out that, for the development of any sensation, three things were necessary, a sensory end-organ, a nerve and a brain centre.

Related to the end-organs, which are different for each sense the nerves arise as conductors and end in some part of the grey matter of the brain.

The best known "end-organs" are the rods and cones in the retina of the eye. These transform light into nerve-impulses. The physiologist might further say that a sensation is the result in consciousness of the arrival in a brain centre of nerve-impulses which have been conducted up a sensory nerve that has been stimulated by the activity of its end-organ.

Thus, no brain, no sensation and hence no pain.

Some of the sensory nerves of the skin originate not in definite end-organs but in richly branching, free, naked fibrils. In every case, however, either an end-organ or the epidermis is interposed between the nerve and the outer world.

The first variety of pain is that due to excessive stimulation of the end-organs or other origins of the sensory nerves.

Thus arise the pains of squeezing, bruising, cutting, tearing and scalding the skin. This is the physiology

of the torture of the thumb-screws, of "the boot" and of the rack—the ungentle methods employed by our inquisitive forefathers when desirous of refreshing the memory of a reluctant victim or witness. A blinding flash of light and a painfully loud noise would be other examples of pains in this first group.

The next variety of pain is that due to injury of the nerve itself or to irritation of the exposed nerve-origins.

Thus when we strike a nerve in its course—hit the "funny bone," as we say—we experience pain. When nerve-trunks were cut across as in amputations of limbs in the bad old days before chloroform, the pain was due to the unphysiological stimulation of the nerve-fibres in their course.

But even the stimulation only of the exposed nerve-origins can be very painful. We all know how painful a blister is. Here the heat has destroyed the epidermis, which should come between the outer air and the nerve, so that now even a breath of air blown over the exposed nerve-origins is painful.

The classical example, as we may call it, of unphysiological stimulation of nerve-origins is the tooth-ache. Here the nerves of the pulp in the interior of the decayed tooth come into contact with particles of food, or fluid or sometimes with the air so that the result is pain.

The only stimuli which are "intended" to reach the nerves in the centre of the dense tooth are pressures conveyed from the crushing of the food.

The pain of the still more familiar "corn" is in this second group. Here the nerve of the skin is stabbed by the sharp "eye" or core of the corn as effectively as though by a needle whether of the domestic variety or that of a hypodermic syringe.

The third species of pain is the kind developed in a nerve of "pure" pain. Strange as it may sound, some of our internal organs are provided with nerves whose only duty is to arouse sensations of pain. This means that these nerves are not in activity when we are perfectly well but only when something has gone wrong with the

organ in question. Take the case of the bile-duct, the narrow tube along which bile flows from the gall-bladder to the intestine.

This tube has no nerves of "ordinary" sensation: we don't know anything about the flow of bile along it; without the investigations of anatomists and physiologists we should know nothing whatever about the bile-duct.

Now whereas the passage of bile is entirely outside our consciousness, the passage of a gall-stone is excruciatingly painful. This is because the spasm of the muscle of the bile-duct is stimulating the nerves of pure pain. Of this there are a great many other examples; the beats of the healthy heart are outside consciousness, but the pain of angina pectoris is awful. We know nothing about our healthy digestion, but the pain of gastric colic can be very severe. We are not aware of our iris, but in inflammation of the iris (iritis) the pain may be most distressing.

It is curious to reflect that never or once only in a lifetime may some of these nerves of "pure" pain be brought into action. They are where they are evidently to do nothing or to produce pain; another mystery!

In conclusion we might examine the various ways in which scientific medicine has contrived to prevent or banish physical pain.

The first method is to immobilise the end-organs and origins of the nerves in such a way that no impulses are even started. This is Nature's own method when she freezes a part, a toe, a finger, the nose or the ear in some very cold country. We are not only not aware that this has occurred, but we would not feel a cut or

other injury to the frozen part. We imitate this when we freeze the gum before pulling out a tooth. We can also immobilise the nerve-origins with a drug like cocaine. The first method is called local anaesthesia. If by any chance the nerve-origins become disintegrated and die, as in a form of leprosy, then the fingers, for instance, are quite insensitive to pain.

In the next place we may block the pain-producing impulses in the spinal cord, for, having travelled up the nerves, they have all to pass through the cord on their way to the brain. The conductivity of the tracts of the cord may be abolished by injecting into the fluid around the cord a quantity of suitable anaesthetic. In a short time an operation, say, for appendicitis can be carried out on the fully conscious patient who may be lying in bed reading the newspaper. This method recently introduced into surgery we call spinal anaesthesia. Since the tracts of pain (and heat and cold) run together in the cord, if they and no other tracts are interrupted, it becomes possible for a person to pick up a red hot coal and feel no pain. Cases of this kind occurred in the War. In the Middle ages the unfortunate people who could do this were put to death as witches or wizards.

Finally, when the cells of the grey matter of the brain itself are under the influence of chloroform, or ether or "laughing gas," the centres are put to sleep and consciousness is completely abolished. This is the now quite familiar state of general anaesthesia. But in normal sleep pain is not perceived, so that Shakespeare was right, as usual, when he said—

"He that sleeps feels not the toothache!"

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

• IS FREEMASONRY HARMFUL ?

YES, BY ROBERT SAUNDERS.

IT is significant that seldom if ever either in the Press or in books are the pros and cons of Freemasonry discussed. Here is a world-wide movement numbering among its devotees a significant percentage of the male population of all Protestant countries. For good or ill it moulds their lives, shapes their minds and provides them with an ethic and a religion. And yet you may read periodicals, novels, essays and poems for many years without once coming across any reference to it! Can the same be said of any other organisation of like proportions, whether social, religious or political? If not, why not? It is only reasonable to believe that its extreme secrecy serves to cloak, to foster and to perpetuate those elements of weakness and of absurdity which it undoubtedly includes. What beneficial influence was ever before provided with an elaborate machinery for its own hushing up? If there be any glad tidings of great joy in Freemasonry why should they not be made available for all men? Now my first charge against Freemasonry is that it imparts false values and false perspectives, ethically, socially and intellectually. For example, its ethical teaching is concerned solely with a Freemason's duty to his fellow Masons and not to men in general. Its charities, excellent as they are so far as they go, are confined to Freemasons and their de-

NO, BY JOHN PARDOE.

A SYSTEM of morality which has endured from time immemorial demands serious and respectful consideration.

Freemasonry is unique, for it is a society, a sodality of men, the door of which is wide open to "all sorts and conditions." Class, with its prohibitions and inhibitions, has no place within its boundaries.

Two things only are demanded from one who wishes to enter Freemasonry. Firstly that he should be vouched for by one or more of the brotherhood as a decent and clean living man; next that he should believe in a Prime Mover, a great architect of the Universe, a Supreme God. A man's religion may be what he chooses provided he thus believes.

The Freemason pledges himself to be a peaceable subject to the Civil Power wherever he resides and works, and to uphold, so far as his ability may permit, the general interest and welfare of the community.

The universal brotherhood of man is the postulate upon which the whole fabric of Freemasonry is founded.

The charity of Freemasonry is proverbial. The great orphanages for boys and girls, the hospital founded and maintained by the order are there for all to see. The help given by Masons to their brethren in misfortune and

(Continued on next page)

YES.

pendents. Again a Mason has unfair advantages over non-Masons—I do not say necessarily in such material matters as securing a job—but in general ways so that *ceteris paribus* the Mason is always preferred by Masons to the non-Mason. Any criticism of Masonry is always sharply resented (such is the hold that Masonry has on men's minds) as if it were an attack upon something sacrosanct! But my chief objection to Freemasonry is that it is misleading in matters intellectual. Feats of memorising are called for and the result is fondly supposed to represent the acquisition of valuable knowledge whereas it is nothing of the kind, and a fraction of the time so expended would be far better employed in acquiring legitimate culture. Yet again Freemasonry is harmful inasmuch as it ministers to human vanity and childishness in awarding honours of a purely imaginary character. Vanity is a universal weakness no doubt and we all hanker after distinction. In Masonry the undistinguished man finds a ready means whereby his craving for superiority is temporarily satisfied. If only he is loyal and patient his turn for office—with a grand name—will come and all the joy of “having caught the bus” will be his! I am not a Roman Catholic but I realise the wisdom of the uncompromising hostility of Catholics towards Freemasonry.

IS FREEMASONRY HARMFUL?

NO.

those dependent upon them is little known to the outside world, but far surpasses their overt charities.

The hospitality of Freemasonry is as well known as its charities, and it is natural that its scope should vary although its essence is the same. The writer has been the guest of Lodges composed entirely of the working-class where the refreshment offered was a cup of coffee and a cake, following an exhibition of work in no way inferior to that of a Lodge whose ceremonies concluded with a dinner which would not have shamed Lucullus.

In each case the welcome was equally cordial, the hospitality as sincere, the pleasure of the guest as great.

The love of colour, ritual, fine clothing, good food, and good drink when possible, the absence of strife, for let it not be forgotten that controversial topics of politics and religion are strictly forbidden within a Lodge, make for good fellowship, and is there anything more needed in the world to-day than goodwill between man and man?

An order founded upon these principles, buttressed by practices so commendable, and adhered to by the most notable men of a great nation needs neither apology nor false adulation.

It must be deemed a great power for good and in no way whatsoever a means of harm.

STORY

MARCELINE

BY ANNE ARMSTRONG.

SHE walked slowly upstairs, her feet dragging. It was silly of her to make a fuss about the stairs; very soon she might be living in a house that had no stairs. She flung her hat and coat over a chair, and peered at herself in the mirror. Black didn't suit her and she was looking old. She had never thought of herself as getting old; other people got old but she always felt that old age, in some inexplicable way, would pass her by. She was feeling tired, and crossing to the bed she tumbled on to it, and lay there, staring up at the ceiling. The service had been tiring. She would be all right soon. She hadn't eaten enough, that was probably the trouble, but then a woman who has no money and very little food in the house, can't eat very much. And she laughed mirthlessly.

But she had kept her end up with Colin's people. They had been so insistent too, and stared at her with their curious, bulging eyes. God, how she hated people with staring, bulging eyes. Of course, Colin's people had never liked her. “You'll be sorry, Colin, if you marry an actress—you see if you aren't.” Nasty spiteful people; well she had never liked them either, any of them, except Colin of course. But she daren't think of Colin, just now.

The service had been simple, but beautiful. She had seen Colin's people staring and peering at the flowers in wonder. She had owed those heaped up flowers to Colin; but Colin's mother had sat through the service

staring, and had hardly taken her eyes off the banked up flowers. That would have repaid her for the small fortune she had paid for them, and she was glad she had had such a good view of Colin's mother, but actually she had got them because she felt she owed them to Colin himself. And when it was all over, she had overheard that Agatha woman: “Lined entirely with expensive flowers, mother . . . unnatural extravagance . . . paid for with Colin's money.” Unfair, unfair, unfair. Didn't they know Colin hadn't any money? But the flowers had helped her through the ordeal, and when Colin's mother had asked her if she would be staying on in the cottage, and how she was going to manage, she had been able to laugh it off. “Why no,” she had said, then just to see the angry startled look, had added, “I shall be going abroad—to enjoy myself.”

It hadn't been a mistake to marry Colin. She had made him happy. And he hadn't stopped loving her when he learned about the other men who had had her. It just hadn't made any difference. She hadn't wanted to give up her career, but Colin had been insistent and so little love had come her way that she snatched at it with both hands. Twenty years older than Colin, and for three years they had been happy. It was almost a miracle. Perhaps God had been suddenly sorry for the rather hard life she had had and decided He would give her three years of perfect happiness. It was a good thing, in those early days, that she hadn't looked

her gift horse in the mouth. Twenty years younger than herself, and a family who hated her and despised her; but she hadn't questioned, had married him and they had had three years. Just like gambling, really. You put your money down and then waited to see what you got. You might lose everything, you might win a little, but you seldom won a great deal. She had been lucky though. She had won three years. She had gambled before and given herself to other men, but they hadn't loved her and she hadn't loved them, so she supposed that worked out about even. But this time she had won three years. She must not forget that, in the years that must follow. Later on, she thought, when I can bear to think of Colin, those three years will be all I have.

A bell shrilled through the house.

It would be no good her trying to get back on the stage, she knew. She was getting rather past it when Colin found her, and she hadn't the heart to go through with it all again. And she couldn't do another mortal thing. I shall stay here until to-morrow, she decided, and then I shall go to London. Something, I don't exactly know what, is bound to happen to me in London. I might even offer my body for hospital experiments. If I have to go to a workhouse, and she shuddered, I expect I shall sleep in a dormitory. That mightn't be too bad; it would all depend on how many people slept in a dormitory. She tumbled off the bed in a panic. Had she left enough money to pay her fare to London? She grabbed her bag and hurriedly felt for her purse. Six shillings. . . . Her fare would be five and ninepence, and there would be threepence over. I expect I shall find something to do with threepence . . . something to do with threepence. . . . The idea struck her as amusing and she went off into peals of laughter.

The bell shrilled again. "They probably think there's an orgy going on in here" she thought aloud, "so just you go down, Marceline, and open the door." She had paid the tradesmen, and the people in the village neither liked nor approved of her, so it couldn't be a friendly call.

She opened the door.

"Could you spare a crust of bread," whined the ingratiating voice.

Unpleasant looking man, she thought, and then miserably, but he does look miserable.

"I'm afraid, I . . ." she began.

"I 'aven't eat since yesterday" the whining voice interrupted.

"Wait a moment. . . ." She shut the door, and slowly walked towards the small larder. No one would believe, she decided, that all I have in the house is a loaf and a bit of cheese, and six shillings. But that man does look miserable. Yes, said a little voice inside her, but you're miserable too, and you want your bread and cheese just as much as he does. Yes, but then perhaps he hasn't got the memory of three happy years to help him to bear his misery, she pleaded. Colin had never turned a beggar away; and suddenly she laughed exultantly to herself. She would give the whole loaf to that man; it would bring her nearer Colin and a little more even with his people. She remembered Colin's indignation when he told her of the reception that beggars and vagrants got at his mother's house.

She wrapped the loaf up, and the little piece of cheese, and taking the purse out of her pocket, she slipped the threepence into the parcel. She had found a way to spend that threepence, and an overwhelming happiness took hold of her. "Colin," she prayed, "you put that into my head . . . you knew I wasn't sure how to spend that threepence, so you sent that beggarman along, and then you came and told me what to do. . . . Colin . . . I do love you."

This time her feet didn't drag. She danced to the front door, clasping the precious bundle to her. She held it out. "I've wrapped it up for you . . . I hope you will enjoy it . . . it's from Colin and me. . . ."

The voice whined again, "Thank you, lady, an' if you 'ave a pair of trousis, or boots. . . ." But the door had shut.

He undid the parcel. "Thruppence!" he snorted, "an' the las' ouse give me five bob! He sniffed at the bread and cheese. "Oo the 'ell did she think wud eat bread as stale as that?"

He tossed the loaf over a convenient hedge. The cheese followed.

WHAT WE THOUGHT

50 Years Ago. April 29th, 1882.

Naval Armaments: England and France.

. . . . The present state of the two navies is not, however, what the morbid alarmists most strongly insist on, and to draw attention merely to it is altogether misleading. It is the future strength of the French Navy which occasions grave apprehension to those who have studied our position as a maritime Power. France, in adherence to a programme laid down some time ago, is now building a large number of very powerful ironclads. We

are not building so many, and in 1885 the French fleet of first-class vessels will be very formidably strong. On this point it is not necessary to refer to Lord Henry Lennox's figures, though we believe them to be accurate.

It may be said that he is a partisan in the matter. The authority of Sir Thomas Brassey, a colleague of Mr. Trevelyan's, will, however, hardly be impeached. From the information given in the first volume of his work on the *British Navy*, it appears that the French are building fourteen vessels of over 5,000 tons, the total tonnage

being 118,597. Including the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, we are building seven with a total tonnage of 59,908. Two of the French ships are considerably larger and more powerful than any that we are constructing. It can scarcely be disputed then, even by those most resolute in despising scares, that within no long time our proportionate strength will be greatly diminished. The only defence that the Secretary of the Admiralty could make, when speaking on this part of the subject, was to strike out a vessel not yet begun, which had been wrongly included by a distinguished Admiral in the list of ships now building, and to state that the work of the French dockyards was often below the estimate. This is doubtless true; but unfortunately the same is the case with the English dockyards. A return published in 1879 showed that, in eight years out of fourteen, the building of ironclads had been short of the estimate. The weakness of the defence on this point is even more convincing than anything that has been said or written on the other side. When it is pointed out that the French are building more ships and stronger ships than we are, all that the Secretary of the Admiralty can say is that one vessel has been wrongly included, and that the work done may fall somewhat short of what is promised. With guns the case is even worse. Mr. Trevelyan alleged that on French ironclads there are 284 armour-piercing guns, weighing altogether 4,476 tons, and in the English navy 480 armour-piercing guns, weighing altogether 6,224 tons. He quoted from a report which has not been published, and did not define what thickness of armour he meant, so that this part of his speech was not so definite as might be wished. What he said about breech-loading guns admitted, unfortunately, of no doubt. The French have eight of the new type mounted on finished vessels. In the English navy there is not one. If the War Office keeps its word, three are to be ready in December next, two in March, and six in July, 1883. The French have, therefore, now nearly twice as many of these guns as we shall have at this time next year. An alarmist could hardly ask for a better confirmation of his views.

The deficiency of the navy in this respect is, of course, more the fault of Woolwich than of the Admiralty, and it may be hoped that the sluggishness which has been shown may lead to the abolition of the abominable dual system, so severely commented on by Sir T. Brassey, under which the Admiralty has practically little control over the manufacture of guns for the navy. The innocence of the Admiralty in this matter, however, in no way affects the main question. It has been contended that, compared with the navies of other countries, and especially with that of France, the English navy is not so strong as it should be. In answer it is pointed out that England is stronger in ironclads by about forty-three per cent. She has, it is true, ten times more commerce to protect and much larger dependencies; and she must rely on the navy as her sole defence, having no army. It is apparently thought that these facts are balanced by the superiority mentioned; but, even if it be so, and if the ratio of 143 to 100 is clearly—to all but alarmists—the same as the ratio of 4,200,000 to 420,000, even then the disagreeable reflection must remain that, within no long space of time, this superiority will inevitably be much diminished.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Mata Hari. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The Empire.

The Honourable Mr. Wong. Directed by William A. Wellman. The Plaza.

WITHOUT doubt the prospect of seeing Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo together will draw large crowds to the Empire; indeed, the strength of the cast is not exhausted by these two names, for Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone are in support. A constellation such as this marks a new departure in the cinema and that it is to be no flash in the pan, so far as the Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer company is concerned, is shown by the list of artists they have engaged for their production of "Grand Hotel."

I have never been an admirer of Greta Garbo, and I think that a good many of those who have sung her praises will be inclined to my way of thinking after seeing her performance in this "sugar and water" version of the famous spy's story. The picture, so far as the heroine is concerned, opens with her dancing, and what I saw of that fills me with foreboding of her next part, that of the dancer in Miss Baum's tale. From that point onwards there is a good deal of spying and counter spying with Ramon Novarro as the pawn, and the film ends on a sickly sequence with Novarro blinded, and Greta Garbo going out to be shot.

Her voice will be as attractive as ever to those who like it, but to me it is a monotonous organ whose pitch does not vary a jot whether she is in love, in anger, in despair, or in contentment. Rumour has it that she is forsaking the screen for matrimony; should rumour fail to live up to its reputation, she will probably only be remembered by students of the cinema for her performance, which most people have forgotten, in "Gosta Berling."

Lewis Stone is his usual suave self as the chief of the German spy association in Paris, and Lionel Barrymore, as the Russian colonel who is torn between the charms of Mata Hari and those of his country, brings a certain virility to the film.

The main feature at the Plaza contains Edward G. Robinson in "The Honourable Mr. Wong." If this picture does not achieve anything else, it may help to dispel the idea that all Chinamen look alike to the white man; but then all the Chinamen here are played by white men. Edward G. Robinson himself is a "Hatchet Man"; a delightful person who is nominated by his Tong, or section, as their executioner. Any little trouble from another Tong and, on the command "off with his head," out goes the hatchet man with his weapon up his sleeve; a neat despatch ensures his continuation in office. This burying of the hatchet goes on merrily until Edward G. Robinson refuses to split the skull of his wife's lover. For that the Tong cast him forth and, unloved and dishonoured, he leaves San Francisco. A message from his wife, however, that her lover is not behaving himself, takes him to China armed with a couple of hatchets where, in putting out "the green eye of the little yellow god," he cleaves the lover's head as well. A good ending this, but one has to wait a long time for it.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Henry IV., Part I. By William Shakespeare. Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

THE first thing I saw in Stratford-on-Avon was Mr. Bernard Shaw. The second thing I saw was a picture-postcard photograph of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Almost the last thing I saw before the play began in the new Memorial Theatre, were two nearly hysterical ladies pointing out to a shorter-sighted third the exciting presence in the front row of the Dress Circle of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

I mention these facts, seemingly irrelevant, for two reasons. The first is because so much has already been written about the Shakespeare Birthday Celebrations, that only by a journalistic trick can I hope to set you reading this stale and superfluous article. The second is because, so far as I could judge, the Stratford pilgrims were, as a whole, far less interested in Shakespeare than in Shaw, and only less interested in Shaw than in the Prince of Wales. In other words, the proceedings at Stratford-on-Avon on April 23rd (the date presumed to be the birthday of the man presumed to be the author of the plays of Shakespeare) were less a pious tribute to a dead poet than a glorious beano. Shakespeare, for all the lip-devotion, played second-fiddle.

And to be perfectly frank, he played even this subsidiary part without conspicuous distinction. One felt that if "Henry IV., Part One" were the best thing to be found in Shakespeare, the less attention drawn to his dramatic work, the better for his reputation. The play seemed strangely ill-constructed, and to consist very largely of unintelligible and unimportant history, interrupted by interminable interludes of farce. I greatly doubt if there was anybody in the audience who was not more or less continuously bored. No doubt, an ineradicable consciousness of the Occasion had a costive influence upon the acting. No doubt, the new Memorial Theatre was altogether too illustrious a setting for a company of, on the whole, quite mediocre talent. But I cannot believe that in any circumstances "Henry IV., Part One" could be a very interesting play.

Let me say at once that I do not like the new Memorial Theatre. Its exterior is pardonable—though I do not think there can be any question but that the consensus of opinion which has likened it to a factory, is entirely justified. But that is a criticism which perhaps amounts to nothing more than this: that theatres are architecturally more like factories than like cathedrals. What I condemn about this particular theatre is its interior. What I feel convinced is the fatal fault, not of this theatre only, but of almost every theatre built in recent years, is their lack of the necessary intimate relationship between the actors and the audience. There is what I can only call an emotional gulf between the stage and even the front stalls.

And so I hesitate to put the blame for what was, in effect, a dull performance, wholly on the actors and the author. I feel sure that, for instance, Mr. Roy Byford's Falstaff would have seemed a much more entertaining rogue, had the play been given in one of the old-fashioned theatres. Topers are never very amusing company to the sober onlooker; and to enjoy the simple humours of

the Falstaff scenes, we need to be spiritually among the sack-drinking loafers in the Boar's Head. At Stratford it was as though we watched them through the tavern window. Mr. Gyles Isham, as the Prince of Wales, did as well as it was possible for a young actor, who has not yet grown an individuality, to do with an inherently unsatisfactory role. Alone of the company Mr. Wilfrid Walter, who played Hotspur, had sufficient personality to interest the audience. He was not, I feel sure, in the least like Shakespeare's Hotspur. He was almost monotonously irritable and bad-tempered. But he was, beyond all doubt, a real and (comparatively) interesting character.

And now, as I strongly suspect that few of my readers will ever visit the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, or ever see anywhere a performance of "Henry IV.," I will only add that any information they may wish for with regard to the two Memorial Theatres and the various companies associated with the Shakespeare Celebrations, they can find in an admirable little book called "The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre," which has been compiled by M. C. Day and J. C. Trewin and published by Dent at what seems to me to be the very reasonable price of 7s. 6d.

Finally, as no one else has done it, let me offer a brief word of apology, or at least of explanation, to those "Representatives of the Nations" whose health Mr. Baldwin was supposed to be proposing in the speech he delivered at the Birthday Luncheon. For before the Opening of the Theatre by the Prince of Wales, there was a Luncheon; and after the Luncheon there were Speeches. It was then that Mr. Baldwin, speaking (on behalf of the Government and of the people of England) in praise of Shakespeare, was, I felt, a trifle tactless. For he told these distinguished foreigners, even more firmly than politely, that only Englishmen can properly appreciate the genius of Shakespeare. Which was not, when you think of it, a very diplomatic platitude to utter in the circumstances—seeing that the distinguished foreigners who had journeyed to Stratford to pay homage to Shakespeare, far outnumbered the distinguished Englishmen!

Let me hasten to assure these gentlemen that the Shakespeare Celebrations are nothing more or less than a gigantic and characteristic piece of British humbug; that we do not (though of course we could) appreciate the genius of Shakespeare any more fully than they do; that our national love of that genius is at any rate insufficient to make it possible for any of his plays to be profitably produced in England; and in short, that almost everything they listened to last Saturday was simply lip-devotion. So I beg these foreign Representatives to forget the Baldwin gaffe. It was only formally that he was speaking on behalf of the Government and people of England. Neither the people nor the Government of England "gives a damn" for Shakespeare. The Government likes votes, and the people likes the cinema—which, incidentally, is the dual explanation of the recent Bill which licences the opening of cinemas, but not of theatres, on Sunday. So far as appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare is concerned, I should not dare to offer an opinion whether the distinguished foreigners who were present at the Birthday Celebrations, were more or less appreciative than the distinguished Englishmen who were conspicuously absent.

IS CHRISTIANITY HARMFUL?

To the Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—To-day, all ideas, institutions, and systems of thinking, social and religious are questioned, sometimes without reason and sometimes through the growth natural and inevitable, of human understanding in its struggle onwards towards the ideal. Life is the resultant of antagonistic forces acting and reacting upon each other. Death is the opposite—stagnation. This is illustrated in various types of nations which have clung to the customs of the past and failed to advance, and is also seen in the individual type which will not budge from what he has been taught in his childhood. It really comes back to the state of the brain which in the one case is inert and incapable of motion, and in the other active and mobile.

In dealing with such a profound question as has been discussed in the SATURDAY REVIEW, the first and last point to be considered is "What do we mean by Christianity?" Do we have in view the actual Teachings of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the four Gospels, or do we imply the ordinary notion of Christianity, with its divergent views, from Roman Catholicism to the tenets of the Plymouth Brethren, or Society of Friends? Once this has been cleared up, the question can be answered easily enough.

The dispassionate reader cannot surely fail to be amazed at the utter distortion of the teaching originally given. Let us take, for instance, the statement concerning "prayer." In the Gospels the warning is given that His followers should not use long words like the Pharisees when they pray, but should retire to the seclusion of their own rooms and enter the domain of the Spirit within. Actually the Church has followed the custom of the Pharisees of the Gospel, and flouts the teaching of the so-called Head of Christianity. Again, let us take the dogma of the Crucifixion as the sacrifice to God, for the sins of mankind. It can be proved from the Gospels themselves that Christ did not desire to be crucified. Repeatedly Christ declared His Teaching was life. The very statement that the flesh profits nothing should show anyone but the spiritually blind that this idea of a sacrifice to an angry God was superstition.

To come to the practical results of misinterpretation of "Christianity." The harm done to civilisation has been great, and may be still greater in the future especially to this country. The sentiment that we are all brothers and potential sons and daughters of God has been responsible for a weak and sloppy sentimentalism, the effects of which are bearing fruit in India and elsewhere. In fact, the conditions preceding the decline and fall of the Roman Empire are becoming more painfully evident every day in the British Empire. Only a few months ago the papers published with pride a photo of an Anglican Dean fraternising with Mr. Gandhi, the relentless enemy of the country. The sentimental Dean probably regarded Gandhi as a possible "Christian" while the latter would scorn the very idea.

In conclusion, I might say without fear of contradiction that the actual Teaching of Christ is upon the book, and the interpretation given by the Church put very sloppishly upon the sands, always shifting and destined to be swept away.

A. L.

CORRESPONDENCE

IRELAND, THE SPOILT CHILD

SIR,—If the British Empire is one great family, then Ireland is surely the spoilt child of that family. The youngest and probably the least important, she has continued to roar and bawl in her minority and on attaining her majority.

The common cry in Ireland is "You do not understand us." It never seems to occur to them that they make no effort to understand the English.

Many Irishmen now resident in England of all creeds and classes, are amazed at the patience and toleration of the Englishman with regard to the Irishman. Irishmen living over here realise there is a limit to the Englishman's good nature. He is getting bored with the Irish question, and annoyed that when so many really important matters are in hand, so much time should be wasted on the eternal Irish question.

Ireland now apparently wants to have the privileges belonging to the Empire, and yet establish a Republic. But has not the time come when most English people will say, "It is not so much what Ireland wants, but we insist on her having a Republic. Good riddance to bad rubbish." Naturally Ireland would then pay the same tariffs as all other foreign countries, plus additional tariffs to compensate England for any just debts which Ireland repudiates light-heartedly. Since it is the custom in England in cutting off a member of the family, to present him with the proverbial shilling, Ireland would naturally expect a parting gift. It would, however, be repugnant to Ireland to receive a gift bearing the King's Head, so something else must be found.

Ireland has always bewailed the fact that so many of her sons emigrated to the United States of America. Here is opportunity for further benevolence. A week after the Republic is established, it would be a fitting gesture if the 200,000 or so Irishmen on the dole in this country, plus certain other Irishmen in towns like Glasgow, Liverpool, etc., were landed in Dublin to help de Valera to make Ireland a nation once again.

Bearded strategists at the Admiralty and fierce-looking Poona veterans at "The Rag," will shudder and whisper of the danger, in the next War, to England if Ireland is isolated.

Ireland has always believed in the old saying that "England's difficulties are Ireland's opportunities." Cannot this saying now be reversed, and once and for all lay this bogey low? Surely armoured cruisers in Dublin Bay, Cork Harbour, Shannon, Galway, etc., would more or less strangle Ireland in the time of War.

AN ANGLO-IRISHMAN.

DAYLIGHT SAVING

SIR,—In reply to P. F. Adkins I would observe—We are a lie-a-bed nation who need routing out. The Germans have a perennial Summer Time for schools and offices, all of which open and close one or two hours earlier during the summer months. And as the Hausfrau shares her husband's craze for children, hygiene and sport, she needs no Act of Parliament to oblige her to conform to a salutary change.

ELEANOR D'ESTERRE-STAHLL.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

SIR,—The suggestion recently made by a witness in the High Court, that "whisky and cigarettes" continue to be used by some of those who have "passed over," will certainly appear both startling and far-fetched.

Similar views have been expressed in bygone centuries with regard to the conditions which were supposed to prevail in Paradise. A mediæval French writer, if I may quote from an English translation, says, "Wine cost no more than a liard (about a farthing) in the heavenly cellar: the angels there bake loaves and cakes at everyone's command."

So too Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, speaks of spirits (*animæ*) which:—"Lethæi ad fluminis undal Securos latices et longa oblivia potant," but it has not, I think, been suggested that the *longa oblivia* were due to the "calming" effects of alcohol.

Eastbourne.

WALTER CRICK.

THE REALITY OF EVIL.

SIR,—Mr. Tetley says "that the questions we ought to answer are—DO we believe that pain and suffering ought to be prevented and are we doing our best to prevent them?" The question of struggling he says "raises more difficult questions, but if Mr. Merrall were married, with young children dependent upon him he would—but enough!"

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Tetley is not more definite in his criticism.

If by his question he means—do we believe that physical pain and suffering can finally be done away with? I answer yes, but, emphatically, only when we have passed through the gateway of another so-called evil, viz.: death. To prevent their existence on earth is just as impossible as it would be to prevent the law of gravitation or any other natural law from acting.

From the aspect of pleasure, and freedom from pain, i.e., a purely materialistic attitude, hardship is an evil. But hardship is the very foundation of a virtue which is not material or fleshly, for character, which owes its development entirely to conflict with hardship, is a spiritual quality, which we take with us into the next existence. Our sloppy, sentimental humanitarian pacifists in seeking to do away with conflict are trying to build another tower of Babel, trying to prevent their fellow creatures from attaining virtues which will not only enable them to greet death with a smile but which will also be a source of comfort to them when they have passed into the void.

Spiritualism supports science in saying that everything in the universe is energy, it is just one gigantic scale of vibrations, of which only an infinitesimal number can affect our senses. Let us consider the sense of sight. The vibrations which make up the physical world vary from 34,000 to 64,000 waves to the inch. This is what is called the visible portion of the spectrum. So of the waves of that spectrum which science proves to exist the portion we can see is in size as one inch is to a mile! The same applies to all our other avenues of perception through which we can become conscious of anything. For in this life conception is only possible whilst spirit and mind remain in association with matter.

HARRY MERRALL (M.B.)

NEW NOVELS By H. C. HARWOOD

Thralgate of Layland Hall. By Charles Forrest. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Way of the Phoenix. By Stephen McKenna. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Last Year's Wife. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Benn. 9d.

Everybody Pays. By Stephen Graham. Benn. 9d.

Tales of Two Pockets. By Karel Capek. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

The Disturbing Affair of Noel Blake. By Neil Bell. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

No ordinary talent was required to make "Thralgate of Layland Hall" the fascinating thing it is. Stories of the soil have come to be associated with a violent emotionalism. Lust couches at the corner of every lane. Each homestead is darkened by cruelty. And brother pelts brother, father pelts son with unyielding blocks of dialect. Mr. Forrest's methods are much quieter than this, and yet his unheroic figures moving with restraint deeply impress one. Their passions, though strong, are subordinate to their characters, which again are governed by the general will of the community and the demands made upon them by the routine of the land's service. That life is greater than any part of it, however intense, can be, but is not a romantic nor perhaps a wholly valid moral to proffer, but this author has urged it with great subtlety, and persuades us for the time of its artistic truth.

The theme of "Thralgate of Layland Hall" is Thralgate's infatuation for Irma, his new stockman's daughter. Thralgate, disappointed by his wife and sons, hot blooded and cautious, desired no casual affair. What he really did want was a quiet companionable mistress settled somewhere away from his farm. Such a woman he had had, but she was lost to him. Irma, Eurasian in blood, doomed for ever to be discontented, impudent, vulgar and mysterious, drifting from spells of domestic service to spells of stage dancing, an artist in feeling but not in achievement, was a dangerous intoxicant to a man hungry for plain bread. She wasted his time, smudged his credit and destroyed the compromise on which his domestic life rested. He, on the other hand, could not capture her imagination, could merely amuse her exasperated desires. But the fires threatening wide destruction die away. Tragedy is averted. A superficial observer might find no trace of aught but a squalid intrigue of master with servant, gentleman farmer with cottage wench. How very much more was latent in it, Mr. Forrest's art has admirably conveyed.

"The Way of the Phoenix" continues the history of the Dermotts from 1913 to 1931. Those years show that conquering family beginning to decline. The statesman's brother falls with Asquith. The lawyer brother sinks into the dignified obscurity of the bench. The family businesses decline or their wealth is shadowed by the new fortunes of the war. Many of the younger generation fall in action, and the survivors lose the old clannish spirit. These changes and the greater changes they reflect, Mr. McKenna, through the medium of Tony

Dermott, intelligently, if diffusely, discusses, but I was more pleased by "Dermotts Rampant" than I am by this its sequel. For one reason, far too much of the comment, though by no means the bulk of it, follows the line of "I can't think what things are coming to." Another reason is that neither Tony himself nor his peevish passion for the "modern" Lady Rhoda is strong enough to carry the interest of a novel reader through a wide desert of sociology. If Tony, as seems probable, is to be made to give us another autobiographical volume, I hope that he will also be made to pluck up his spirits and brighten up his style.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson's "Last Year's Wife" is a smooth, intelligent story of two Hollywood stars. Sentiment and satire are cleverly blended, and when the old clock at the end of the book stutters out: "Tic-toc, tic-tac, love and joy, coming back," and when one realises that the nice young American has been retrieved from the English Duchess, one wants to applaud. "Last Year's Wife" is better than it promised to be.

The hero of "Everybody Pays" is an Inspector of Income Taxes. Has such a person ever before been made the hero of a story? Almost certainly not. Mr. Graham contributes something else unique when he describes how this cold, middle-aged official was bewitched by a dancing girl—a very nice girl, too. This is a slight story, and the jokes about Mr. Pillguard's profession are more frequent than amusing, but the book has freshness and wit.

After reading through "Tales of Two Pockets," I find that the two that stick out from my memory are "The Stolen Papers" and the "Musical Conductor's Story." In the former a stupid policeman, while the Intelligence Department of the War Office are still hawking, stupidly recovers the papers. In the latter a Czech musician at Liverpool foresees a murder but having only three words of English is unable to convince the police. Others of these tales lack the twist, and some are rotten with the mixture of sadism and lachrymosity that has made the literature of Middle Europe what it is. Mr. Selver's translation is delightfully easy, but I doubt if he means "compose" when he writes it; surely "tell?"

In "The Disturbing Affair of Noel Blake" are collected a number of offences against the law, morals and probability. The book is not meant to be more than a joke, and as jokes go it is not a bad one. Perhaps the incidents should have been described at first hand instead of at second, and the dialogue might have been pruned. On the other hand such characters as the supposed narrator are richer than we could have expected or can have hoped to deserve. The car bandit who was in fact a horse bandit, in other words a highwayman, made a good touch. But how quickly nature imitates art. Scarcely had the "Disturbing Affair" been published than a car bandit appeared on a push bicycle. It is not far thence to the horse. It is customary to say of such extravaganzas that they must have been as amusing to write as they are to read. But Mr. Bell has probably had the best of the fun. If he had shown more consideration for the reader he would have taken more pains, and might have omitted an incident likely to annoy most ladies who get the book out of the circulating library. It is not in the least indecent. In a gin-and-sex novel it would not surprise. But it does not belong to the cleaner, simpler novel of mystery.

REVIEWS

LATER-DAY POETRY

New Bearings in English Poetry. By F. R. Leavis. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

ONLY those prepared to take trouble, to think, to admit the possibility that they have erred, to be humble, those whose minds are not oyster-shells whose age still allows them to grow physically or in understanding, only those should be allowed to read this important book. It is not compromising. It states a view and states it with courage and good pleading, and it is informed with needle insight. Mr. Leavis, to be brief, smashes images delicately but decisively and sets up new gods in their place. Does it occur to any reviewer (it will if he has only historical sense) that nine and nine-tenths out of ten parts of any anthology of contemporary verse were born blind and dead? That of all the litter of poets from the poets of the forties to the Edith Sitwells or Humbert Wolfes or Gerald Goulds or Sylvia Lynds, the robust, fiery adults could be counted on one hand? Mr. Leavis will tell them that after the urgency of romanticism he sees scarcely half-a-dozen poets worthy of consideration of an adult mind. In the Victorian age, only Gerard Hopkins, with a crumb or two for Browning: in the later Victorian Age and in our own early age Browning, Thomas Hardy, Yeats, and one or two smaller fry—these can only give anything valuable to the adult mind, so long clogged by the poetry of escape, the poetry of the eternal orchard, of a taffeta world of permanent adolescence or permanent cowardice. I am heretic enough to believe that Mr. Leavis is right. For me, at least, he has said what I have never had the courage to say fully to myself. One grows up in a certain soil and it is not easy to pull up one's own roots with all their minor roots. "The great Victorians" we are told (I think it was by Mr. Priestley or Mr. Walpole) "are coming back." If they are, Mr. Leavis has given them a nasty welcome, and given it with clear diagnosis, without sneering or cheapness. The trouble of the pervasive view of the poetic is that it attacks (like any epidemic, sweating sickness, bubonic plague, cholera) the intelligent as well as the feeble, and it is a tragedy of the Victorian age that its best poetic minds were infected, and stink some of them with sores and buboes of sentimentality and moral cowardice. Matthew Arnold Mr. Leavis takes as one, and with the superb contempt of no mention, he brushes away all the small later oddities, little lice which had crawled, still crawl round the arm-pits of poetry. But there are disinfectants, deodorants, insecticides. Mr. Leavis is one, Mr. I. A. Richards another. It is their function to slay and reinvigorate; and point the importance of the major creators and recreators of our time. Mr. Leavis sees them as Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Ezra Pound (in that bitter, proud poem "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly") and the dead, but modern living, Gerard Hopkins. These men have shown that "wit" can play once more its sub-part in verse to the emotional part, that the "magic" of verse should not refuse a thread of the intellectual, that verse can grow again out of the ready awareness, the fine, sharpened realisation of poets, sensitive to all that is significant in the time they inhabit. Criticise them all

as you will, yell "obscurity" from the pages of the evening papers or the long columns of the literary weekly newspapers, and these facts remain. A rot has been checked, and the doctors are these three, Eliot, Pound, Gerard Hopkins. For the first clear, unequivocal statement of these facts, without double-facing, with reason, without smartness or anything but sincerity, Mr. Leavis must be thanked. His book has faults (are there not faults in "Biographia Literaria," or the best book written?), it is questionable on this and on that, but it is a book without fear, the best book of sheer criticism of verse (show me a better) since the lifetime of Coleridge.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

PINDAR FOR ENGLISH READERS

"*A Patchwork from Pindar.*" With an English translation in Verse. By L. W. Lyde. Basil Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a very interesting little volume. Professor Lyde has taken short paragraphs of Pindar at random, that is to say, in no particular order, and translated them into English verse, using nearly always the form of quatrain which Fitzgerald used in his translation of Omar. The original Greek is printed opposite the English version, and the reference for the Greek is always given. The Greek is printed, without regard for the original metre so as to correspond to the number of lines in the English version; but in a work of this kind such a liberty is unimportant. In his introduction Professor Lyde speaks of the unpopularity of Pindar: but this is due to the difficulty and obscurity of the poet, which is so great, that no one except the very best Greek scholars can read him with any ease, and many who can tackle other Greek authors successfully find him quite impossible. So the Professor has rendered most useful service by these translations, which he divides into three sections—(i.) Reflections on life and destiny; (ii.) Pictures of people and places; (iii.) Comments—mainly caustic. He enables the English reader to become acquainted with many noble thoughts that come from the mind of one of Greece's greatest poets and thinkers, thoughts which are complete in themselves, even when taken away from their context. The great disadvantage is that these small excerpts give a very incomplete idea of a poet who was, if ever a man was, a "lord of language"; the gorgeous splendour of his narratives and descriptions is very largely lost in these short passages, though traces of it appear in the pictures of Jason. The translations are close to the original; and the rhymes are easy and natural; at the same time there is clear evidence of the "limae labor," which has been used upon the translations for even longer than the ten years prescribed by Horace.

Here is one of the "Reflections," headed "Memento Mori":

"If one with wealth has grace beyond the rest,
"And his daring in the fray proves best,
"Let him remember that the limbs he robes
"Must die, and in Earth's shroud at last be dressed."

And this is one of the "Pictures":

"God can wake light
Out of black night
To untarnished ray,

And in dark cloud

Deeply can shroud

The pure light of day."

What Professor Lyde has to say on the subject of *Light* in his introduction is most interesting, as coming from an expert in Geography. But on one point he is not altogether convincing, and that is his interpretation of the famous epithet which was applied to Athens. He would have us believe that it describes the violet-coloured light which rests on the hills that surround Athens when the sun is sinking; a fascinating idea, which makes a lovely picture, but reads too much into the Greek word: for this must surely mean crowned, not with violet light, but with (literal) violets. But the ambiguity of the English word does not really matter in this happy rendering of the famous invocation:

"Oh radiant City of the Violet Crown,

"Oh Athens, City of far-flung renown,

"The pride of poet's hymn, the stay of Greece,

"You little city from the Gods come down!"

Altogether a very interesting little volume, attractively got up, with a figure of the bird of Pallas on the cover, preparing us for the words of wisdom inside. Many should be grateful to Professor Lyde for introducing them to a poet whose further acquaintance is so well worth cultivating. The book concludes with some notes on the English versions which show that the author is far too modest in his estimate of his own knowledge of the Greek language.

F. J. KITTERMASER.

There is an idea about that a Big Bank is interested only in Big Business. Is that really the case? Surely, the wide variety of localities in which you can see branches of the Westminster Bank should alone be enough to dispel the notion. To all, a banking account supplies a background—a feeling of stability; and those who may have misgivings about opening one with 'so little' are invited to find that their hesitation may have been groundless

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GERMANY AS AN ALLY

"Deutschland als Verbündeter: Kaiser Karls Kampf um den Frieden." By Karl, Freiherr von Werkmann. Berlin, Verlag fuer Kulturpolitik. 1931.

HERE is the case of Austria versus Germany, presented by one who was in constant attendance on the Emperor Charles from the time he ascended the throne until he was outlawed by rebels, one who retained His Majesty's confidence until death succeeded exile. Baron Werkmann had access to the most secret State papers, was present at the conferences of ministers and generals, possesses high literary gifts and can be trusted implicitly as an historian. His new book is therefore an invaluable contribution to the unsolved problems of the worst war in history, and his case against Germany as a false ally and an engineer of disaster is convincingly presented.

Sinister and dramatic are the figures brought to life upon the stage—Bulow playing clumsily at Bismarck, Falkenhayn with pitfalls for honest von Seeckt, Ludendorff tripping Falkenhayn, Czernin with his weak Iago smile spreading fantastic falsehoods in the hope of impossible dictatorship, Erzberger with well meant wiles, Károlyi and Joseph Egalité trying to rule the unruly while playing unskillfully at treason, Conrad pale and tottering as telephones announce failure in the field. . . . This author has been with them all, heard and watched them in public and private, scheming, blustering, joking, dining, revealing themselves in conversation, correspondence, gestures; each is taken out of the box to reconstitute the great puppet-show.

The cloven German hoof was first displayed during the negotiations for ensuring Italian neutrality. Germany was to make no sacrifice, but Austria was to surrender South Tyrol. Again, when Roumania was in the balance, Germany tried to bribe her by promising slices of Hungarian territory. Later on, when the liberation of Poland arose, she was to have a Hohenzollern King and to receive Austrian provinces as a birthday present.

The Emperor Charles had always been an apostle of peace, foreseeing that war could only lead to disaster. When he came to the throne in November 1916, he made public overtures of peace, he superseded fire-eaters in responsible posts, and in the following year made direct proposals to the French through his brother-in-law, Prince Sixte of Bourbon. Those proposals were afterwards represented in Germany as a betrayal, but the German Emperor and Crown Prince had endorsed them; indeed it was revealed by the French that Germany had already been negotiating for a peace—at the expense of Austria.

During the actual fighting, Austria always found her ally a broken reed. In 1914, it was an Austrian army that fought Russian hordes unaided and prevented a march on Berlin, yet, after their discomfiture at Luck (an Eastern version of the Marne) the Germans insisted on their supreme command of both armies, amounting to assimilation of Austrian troops with an interchange of officers, as though a Prussian captain could inspire a Czech battalion with enthusiasm while ignoring its language

A typical incident in the relations of Germany and Austria is afforded by the German decision to intensify submarine warfare. It became clear that this must lead to an American declaration of war and thereby precipitate defeat. In January, 1917, German delegates came to Vienna to secure the assent of the Austrians and, when the Emperor Charles refused, he was told that the mission had been purely an act of courtesy as orders had already been given for the ruthless warfare.

Futhermore, the Germans were already trying to use the pinch of war to extort a commercial treaty, something on the lines of their more recent Anschluss, which would have put Austria completely under their thumbs and killed all hope of financial rehabilitation in the future.

When Clemenceau betrayed confidences and revealed the peace offer of the Emperor Charles, the Germans fomented a campaign of gross calumny against the Sovereign, whose only crime it was to try to save his subjects from starvation. When the Emperor Charles is criticised on account of his peace offer, it is forgotten that he could easily have concluded a separate peace in conjunction with his Turkish and Bulgarian allies, but was restrained by his chivalrous loyalty to ungrateful Germany.

This is a profound book, which should be translated into English in view of the abysmal ignorance which still prevails about the war.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

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AN ECONOMIC SURVEY

Britain's Trade and Agriculture. By Montague Fordham. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

MR. MONTAGUE FORDHAM'S book "Britain's Trade and Agriculture" is as illuminating to the ordinary person whose knowledge of the subject is somewhat vague, as it must be to the specialist in either branch.

The national habit of optimism or extreme pessimism, the worship of vague ideals, especially from abroad, and the balking of unpleasant facts, are treated with understanding. Mr. Fordham explains how the various fallacies arose, and how the slogans started and finally having removed all the old faiths he plants new and constructive ideas in the well-dug soil. As the new ideas are mainly agricultural this may not be a bad simile. He does not propose to put the cinema-loving youth back to the dreary field, but to make the field more attractive, so that he will go back willingly. He advocates co-operation and co-ordination between the farmer and distributor, a more definite policy from the governing body to create a sense of security and mutual trust without which no man can work. The book is a comprehensive survey of the present economic difficulties, and to conclude Mr. Fordham outlines a scheme, which, if it does not bring us utopia, is based on common-sense and experience.

HUMANE KILLER

Pistol v. Poleaxe. By Miss Lettue Macnaghten. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

AS I casually slipped the leaves of this book through my fingers, looking for, and at, pictures, I at once became interested. Interest very soon turned to something akin to disgust, and disgust to very great pity. One is forced to ask "Do such things really exist and if so can they happen in England?" They do, as Miss Macnaghten proves. As one who has travelled in every quarter of the globe it has always struck me that in the event of a revolution in England the terrible excesses recorded in the history of other nations cannot take place here. The reason for this conviction is the fearlessness of our wild birds and animals in all our towns. Where except in England will you see, as a general rule, squirrels sitting on the knee of a small boy in a public park, sea gulls feeding from any hand, sparrows perching within easy grasp or pigeons absolutely expecting pedestrians to give them right of way, and getting it? *Pistol v. Poleaxe* will be a shock to most. What can be done and how can it be done? It is ridiculous to suggest that mankind should become vegetarian. The only answer seems to be the compulsory use of a humane killer, and decent conditions in slaughter houses. That animals fear and are terrified by the smell of blood is known to all who have experience of the matter, that they need do so in a slaughter house is only a matter of proper arrangement.

The book as propaganda is too long. Miss Macnaghten probably does not intend to write propaganda, but she supports her facts with too many references. She need no to do so. A smaller (and cheaper) book would be more widely read. A book of this size, and price, is available to the few, an abridged edition would have a wider circulation and might educate the public to enforce more humane treatment of animals.

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MAY 8th, at 3 p.m.



THE NEW MOVEMENT

(Leader, Sir Oswald Mosley)

BRITONS, UNITED



CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

A CONTRIBUTING factor to the strength of gilt-edged securities of late has been the scarcity of floating stock. A useful addition to the supply has been made this week by the issue of a £10,000,000 India Loan in the shape of a 5 per cent. Stock offered at the price of 95 and redeemable at par in 1942-1947. The terms are particularly attractive for a trustee stock of this character, the yield from interest alone being £5 5s. 3d. per cent. In recent years India, for various obvious reasons, has had to borrow for short periods on fairly onerous terms and the present issue, therefore, clearly indicates a welcome recovery of Indian credit.

Army and Navy Stores.

The unsettled conditions prevailing in India combined with the financial upheaval in this country had a distinctly adverse effect on the trading results of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society last year. Gross trading profits at £646,094 show a diminution of £114,691. Against this has to be set a reduction of £30,697 in working expenses including the usual provision for depreciation, interest charges, etc., so that the net revenue balance comes out at £120,756 against £204,750 for the preceding year. This is equivalent to 14½ per cent. on the issued share capital of £820,000 and compares with nearly 25 per cent. earned in 1930-31. The actual distribution is to be 12½ per cent. against 22½ per cent. while the balance forward is reduced from £125,244 to £106,441. The balance sheet shows a strong position with reserves of £421,027, including £60,000 for development and improvement.

Re-assuring Oil Statement

Lord Bearsted has done a signal service to the shareholders of the Royal Dutch-Shell group of Companies by his emphatic denial of the rumours that have all too long been in circulation regarding the financial position of the "Shell" company and its associates. In view of recent happenings in other directions it is not surprising that rumours of the character mentioned should have had an undue effect on prices and, as Lord Bearsted points out, in this case they appear to have been circulated with malicious intent by persons having as their object the achievement of personal gain. Particularly re-assuring is the assertion that the finances of the group are as strong and liquid as they have ever been and that they are capable of weathering not only the present storm but also any other that is likely to arise in the future.

V.O.C. Surprise.

The Oil share market received a further fillip on Monday by the announcement of an unexpected good dividend by Venezuela Oil Concessions Ltd. This company, which is also associated with the "Shell" group, proposes to pay 10 per cent. on its Preference and Ordinary shares

and although it compares with 17½ per cent. for 1930 the declaration of so good a dividend at 10 per cent. for the past year took the market completely by surprise. The full results of the year's working is awaited with interest.

Apollinaris Report

A further diminution in profits to £54,855, compared with £66,252, is recorded for the past year by the directors of Apollinaris and Presta Ltd., the table-water manufacturers. This is not to be wondered at having regard to the adverse trading conditions caused by the world crisis which in the case of this company were accentuated by last year's bad summer. No dividend is recommended on the Ordinary shares which a year ago received 1½ per cent., costing £14,280. It may be some satisfaction to the shareholders to know that all advertising expenses (which must be considerable) have been written off from revenue and that the usual amounts for depreciation have been provided. Sales of Presta aerated waters, the directors state, maintain their steady progress and there seems little doubt that with a return to normal trading conditions the company should forge ahead again. Meanwhile the directors have voluntarily agreed to reduce their fees for the past year by 10 per cent.

Insurance Results

Apart from a slight increase in marine premiums the premium income of the London and Lancashire Insurance Co., Ltd., shows a decline for 1931, the total of £6,532,909 comparing with £6,850,691 for 1930. On the other hand underwriting profits rose from £599,448 to £625,145, thanks to an increase of £21,187 in the net underwriting profit of the fire department and of £13,447 in that of the marine department. Net profits for the year (after providing income tax and debenture interest) amounted to £1,002,031, against £996,262 for 1930. The dividend on the share capital is maintained at 50 per cent, and out of the remaining balance, £240,000 is used in writing off investments. A year ago £500,000 was transferred to reserve. The reserve funds of the company, excluding capital paid up, amount to £10,098,362, being 154.58 per cent. of the premium income.

Reckitt's Big Profits

Another excellent report has been published by Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., the well-known makers of starch, blue, black lead, metal polish and other household utilities. It discloses a net profit of £1,182,161 for the year 1931, or only £26,449 less than for 1930. The ordinary shareholders are again to receive a dividend (including bonus) of 22½ per cent. and after placing £100,000 to reserve and providing bonus to staff and workpeople under the Prosperity Sharing Scheme there remains £222,993 to be carried forward, against £181,252 brought in. It is satisfactory also to note that it has not been found necessary to draw upon the amount set aside last year for contingencies, particularly with regard to foreign and colonial Exchange.

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Secretary: Charles Horne

COMPANY MEETING

APOLLINARIS AND PRESTA, LIMITED

The Thirty-fifth Ordinary General Meeting of Apollinaris and Presta Ltd., was held yesterday at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred R. Holland, Chairman of the Company, presided, and referred to the fact that the world generally was still facing one of the most severe crises ever known.

AN ANXIOUS TIME.

Their home trade was bound to suffer under such conditions and Colonial business remained largely unremunerative.

CONTINUED PROGRESS OF PRESTA.

That their profits had only decreased by £11,397, in spite of the world-wide depression was due to some extent to the progress of Presta sweetened beverages—Tonic Water, Ginger Ale, etc. Every possible economy had been effected, but advertising had to be maintained whether times were good or bad, or whether the Summer was hot or wet.

The item Cash at Bankers £37,781 showed the strong position of the Company, and although they had the large carry forward of £97,796 12s. 4d. they must continue their prudent financial policy since they had to meet annually prior charges amounting to £51,680. Through the Sinking Funds they had paid off £81,664 in 8 years.

OUTLOOK FOR 1932.

Prosperity would only be restored by the removal of some of the international financial and political difficulties; they hoped for an improvement in business all round, and given a favourable summer they could face the future with confidence.

THE CRISIS IN AMERICA.

Mr. F. J. Schilling, Vice-Chairman and Managing Director, referred to the Company's extensive and valuable interests in the U.S.A. where the crisis was more severe than that of 1907-08. Their business naturally showed a severe set-back in 1931, but he believed it would recover as it had done after the great U.S. crisis he had just referred to.

Lord Lurgan, in thanking the Shareholders for his re-election to the Board of Directors, referred to a visit he had paid, with the Chairman, to the Apollinaris Spring. He mentioned that last year over 1,000 English visitors had been to see the Spring, and the Baths at Bad Neuenahr, which were so easily accessible from Cologne by a short motor-drive.

The Report and Accounts were adopted unanimously and the proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the Staff and Chairman.

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"THE SOLICITORS' JOURNAL"—THAT ADMIRABLY
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The Hon. Mr. Justice McCordie.

The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the most interesting of the week.—Ed.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- LYCEUM. *The Miracle*. Directed by Professor Max Reinhardt. 8.20. Sat. and Mon. 2.30. "Religious, fantastic and other-worldly . . . with all the cleansing effects of a supremely religious service."
- LYRIC. *The Heart Line*. By Claude-André Puget. 8.45. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Light and amusing.
- HAYMARKET. *Can the Leopard . . . ?* By Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.
- ROYALTY. *While Parents Sleep*. By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Not for the squeamish, but recommended.
- PLAYHOUSE. *Doctor Pygmalion*. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs. 2.30. Mildly psychological and worth seeing.
- DUCHESS. *The Rose without a Thorn*. By Clifford Bax. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A dramatic and interesting play about Henry VIII.
- LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. *Derby Day*. By A. P. Herbert. Music by Alfred Reynolds. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A witty and amusing comic opera.
- PALACE. *The Cat and the Fiddle*. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. An excellent musical comedy, with an original theme.
- WESTMINSTER. *Tobias and the Angel*. By James Bridie. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Henry Ainley in the most delightful comedy in London.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- NATIONAL.
- Monday, May 2, 6.50 p.m. Miss V. Sackville-West will give the weekly talk on "New Books."
- 7.30 p.m. Mr. Victor Hely-Hutchinson will continue his series of talks on "Music Old and New."
- 9.20 p.m. Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give the last of his weekly talks on "The Unknown Island."
- Tuesday, May 3, 8.20 p.m. Continuing the series "Artists at Work," Mr. Stanley Casson and Mr. Albert Rutherford will discuss "Painting."
- Wednesday, May 4, 7.10 p.m. Sir Daniel Hall, K.C.B., F.R.S., Chief Scientific Adviser, Ministry of Agriculture, will give his fortnightly talk on Farming.
- 7.30 p.m. The fourth talk in the series "Must Britain Starve?" will be given by Sir John Russell, F.R.S., Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, whose subject will be "Can the Empire Supply our remaining Needs?"
- 8.15 p.m. Adrian Boult will conduct the last of the series of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts, to be relayed from the Queen's Hall.
- 10.30 p.m. Captain Robert Hartman will give the first of a series of weekly talk entitled "Musings without Method."
- Friday, May 6, 7.10 p.m. Mr. Ernest Newman, the B.B.C. Music Critic, will give his fortnightly talk.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE CARLTON. *Shanghai Express*. Marlene Dietrich in a good melodrama directed by Mr. Josef von Sternberg.
- THE ACADEMY. *Mädchen in Uniform*. This brilliantly acted and directed picture will replace *Kameradschaft* on Sunday. German dialogue.
- THE POLYTECHNIC. *Kriss*. Filmed on the Island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies. A native cast.
- THE EMPIRE. *Mata Hari*. Criticised in this issue.
- THE PLAZA. *The Honourable Mr. Wong*. Criticised in this issue and supported by Lupe Velez and Leo Carillo in *The Broken Wing*.
- THE REGAL AND THE LONDON PAVILION. *The Silent Voice*. George Arliss.
- THE RIALTO. *A Nous La Liberté*. Mr. Clair's amusing satire, supported by another of his pictures, *Le Million*.
- THE TIVOLI. *Arrowsmith*. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes in Mr. Sinclair Lewis' story.

GENERAL RELEASES

- Tabu*. A very fine picture made in the South Seas by Mr. Flaherty and the late Mr. Murnau.
- A House Divided*. A good performance by Walter Huston.
- The Cisco Kid*. Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe in the big open spaces.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- South African Memories*. By Sir P. Fitzpatrick. Cassell. 21s. The recollections of a vivid life in South Africa among its great men by the author of "The Transvaal from Within."
- The Official History of the Gallipoli Campaign*. By Brig.-General C. F. Aspinall-Oglander. Heinemann. 15s. Critical and analytical.
- Recent Advances in Town Planning*. By T. Adams. Churchill. 25s. Suitable to every local authority's library, covers every aspect.
- The French Political System*. By W. L. Middleton. Benn. 12s. 6d.
- Italian Foreign Policy*. By Muriel Currey. Watson. 18s. For those interested in foreign affairs.
- Adventures of an Alpine Guide*. By C. Klucker. Murray. 10s. 6d. A well-written experience of a very noted guide.
- The Five-Fold Screen*. By W. Plomer. Hogarth. 10s. 6d. Strictly limited edition of poems reprinted from the *Saturday Review* and other journals.

NOVELS

- Voices From the Dust*. By Jeffery Farnol. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
- Self-Selected Essays*. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 5s.
- If This Be Error*. By Betty Askwith. Methuen. 6s.
- Apocalypse*. By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 10s. 6d.

Literary

WOMAN'S WONDERFUL CHANCE IN JOURNALISM. Women who want to adopt writing either as a spare time occupation or as a career can receive full information of a splendid Course, conducted exclusively for women, in a book, "Woman's Chance in Journalism," which will be sent free on application to the Secretary, D.pt. 1001, The Femina School of Journalism, 14, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

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Miscellaneous

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